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Cardiphonia

A Selection of Poems



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Cardiphonia

A SELECTION OF POEMS

By GEORGE R. WITTE

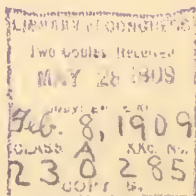


Distributing Agency
THE BOOKSTORE
East Northfield, Mass.

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MS. A. 9.2.41.5

To the memory of

Robert R. McBurney

for many years the beloved General Secretary of the
Young Men's Christian Association
in the city of New York,
a connoisseur and lover of devotional lyrics,
the remembrance of whose friendship
and tender regard will remain a
sweet fragrance in the realm of personal recollections,
this volume is affectionately dedicated
by the Author

Preface

The verses contained in this collection do not pretend to be anything else than a reverberation of the "sounds of the heart," as the name implies.

They were written for the most part during a period of protracted isolation in the British Guiana wilderness. Not a few of the verses are the direct outgrowth of the peculiar restraint then imposed on me by being left without a single white companion, without means of communication, and seemingly forgotten even by those whose earlier enthusiasm in a new missionary enterprise had not been equal to the test of disappointment and misfortune.

What seemed a disaster to them (and at the time to myself also) proved in the end a great personal blessing, for the very helplessness of the situation drove me to a far deeper sense of conscious dependence on God than I had ever before possessed.

"'Twas then there came to me a song"

and if its reproduction at this time shall prove of help and encouragement to any fellow pilgrim, no one will be more grateful for the outcome than—

THE AUTHOR.

Song

“Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord.”

Psalm 138 : 5

Prelude

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good—
Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—*Psalm 107: 1, 2*

The soul which has in it no song
Is to be pitied, for in it is wanting
A precious chord, which lifts man from the throng
Of hapless malcontents, who in their gloom are taunting
That life reflects but ill the rulership divine.
The oil of joy as truly comes from God
As any gift He grants. Then why should we repine
Instead of making PRAISE our pleasant daily lot ?

“ Sing Forth the Honor of His Name ”

Psalm 66 : 2

There's a song in my soul, which I gladly would sing
If I knew how to frame it in words,
But like music, which latent lies hid in the string
Will never sound forth, till the chords
By the artist are struck, who the instrument knows,
The song in my heart must be hid
Until touched by the Master, the melody flows
When my soul by His flame has been lit.

There's a song in my soul, its vibrations I feel
While its echoes sweet melody make,
And gladly, like chimes which send heav'nwards their peal
My song, too, its journey shall take.
What's the theme of my song ? Could it anything be
But God and His wonderful love ?
In all this wide world naught is dearer to me
Nor more worthy my heart-strings to move.

There's a song in my soul, and how gladly I send
That song as an anthem of praise
On the wings of the air, that its voice may ascend
Till it reach to the throne of His grace.
Go forth then, my carol, thou art sent with a prayer
That a blessing to some one thou prove,
If any thou findest who are heavy with care
Then their sorrow help thou to remove.

"The Lord Is My Strength and Song"

Psalm 118: 14

The Lord God is my strength and song,
At times my spirit sinks and quaieth
Before the enemy. He seems so bold and strong
That, when I need it most, my courage faileth.
'Tis then I turn to God and plead my need—
I feel His strength return, while yet I cry;
I realize Jehovah is indeed
A present help, so strong, so true, so nigh.

'Tis then returns to me a song—
While fear reigned I could do no singing—
My care grows less, the nights appear less long,
The pains of sorrow surely are less stinging;
When faith in God again my soul refills
Then songs of praise once more re-echo there,
The storms, which madly raged, my Saviour stills,
Hope reappears and life again seems fair.

O what a precious gift is song,
Inspired by God, from heav'n transplanted
To cheer the faint, our spirits to make strong
When in the fight one's courage has been daunted.
It helps to voice the shouts of grateful praise
When by His grace the victory is won
And in the hearts of wounded ones to raise
New hope and trust in the Unfailing One.

"The Earth, O Lord, Is Full of Thy Mercy"

Psalm 119 : 64

The earth, O Lord, is with Thy mercy filled,
Thy loving-kindness gleams o'er land and sea,
The dew, each blade of grass bears fresh distilled
At rise of sun, serves as a proof to me
Of Thine unending, all embracing love,
Which makes the world in symmetry to move.

Each tiny flow'r, on opening its bud
To shed sweet fragrance on the morning air,
The birds, which circle o'er a peasant's hut,
Who by their notes a grateful tribute bear,
All strive to tune my soul and make it raise
Like nature, an exultant hymn of praise.

Should I stay dumb with music all around?
The world itself appears to me a song!
From ev'ry hill God's praise seems to resound
All nature wrapt in glee, the whole day long;
Then let me too join in full gratitude,
Please God, my song shall be Eternity's prelude.

Praise

“Sing praises unto His name, for it is pleasant.”

Psalm 135 : 3

**“The Voice of Rejoicing and Salvation Is in
the Tabernacle of the Righteous”**

Psalm 118: 15

Rejoicing and Salvation—the two are fitly linked
As Mercy is with Truth;
A bird, once more let out, by freedom skywards winged,
Needs none to stir its muse;
It gladly flutes its strain
Of grateful song above
And as it soars it gains
New melodies of love.

Thus with the prisoner, for whom at last the door
Of freedom opens wide,
He walks a new-born man through forest, glen and moor,
Life never seems more bright,
And as he draws the breath
Of glorious liberty
No longer stays suppressed
The half-forgotten glee.

When Zion's captives came, their soul was steeped in mirth
And laughter filled their mouth,
They had not yet forgot the homeland of their birth
Nor yet God's holy house;
While in their bondage-days
Their songs died in the throat,
How beauteous the lays
Which now they sang to God.

And we whom God has saved, have we not cause to sing?
 Why then remain we mute?
Should we not freely, too, our gladsome tribute bring
 With timbrel, harp and flute?
 At least let our frail voice
 His wondrous grace proclaim,
 In God let us rejoice
 And bless His holy name.

“Let Everything That Has Breath Praise the Lord”

Psalm 150 : 6

Let ev'ryone who draws his breath
Join in an anthem to the Lord;
The angels sing, nevertheless
God does appreciate the chord
Of humbler song, which men can touch
If with sincerity they come,
Those grander notes we too shall reach
When we have entered heaven's home.

That keener sense, which some of old
Seem to have had, led them to see
Some beauties, now but rarely told,
How nature is a symphony,
To them each star conveyed a note
Of benediction to the Lord,
From ev'ry cloud there seemed to float
A call that God should be adored.

How sad, that some have come to be
So dull in spirit and in heart
That service seems a parody
And often the essential part
Is absent from our thought and song,
The uttered words are empty sound
And while we praise God with our tongue
Our minds with worldly thoughts abound.

Let us return to former ways
And tune again our hearts to bring
In fervent words and simple lays
True worship to our Saviour-King;
May it be our concern each morn
To voice God's wondrous righteousness,
Then, when the day has downwards worn,
There'll be more cause the Lord to bless.

**“Thou Shalt Compass Me About with
Songs of Deliverance”**

Psalm 32 : 7

Encompassed with songs of deliv'rance
My soul is replete with a joy
Which the world neither giveth nor taketh,
Which is free from debasing alloy;
Neither time nor events may corrode it,
As the days go, it seems to increase,
For its well-spring is Jesus, my Saviour,
And the gift, which He left me, God's peace.

Encompassed with songs of deliv'rance
O how light is the task of each day,
All the fretting concerning the future
By that song has been taken away;
For if God gave His Son as a ransom
To extinguish my guilt in His blood,
Would He ever withhold any blessing
Which He knew would conduce to my good?

Encompassed with songs of deliv'rance
I need fear neither danger nor foes,
Sufficient for me the assurance
That my Saviour the way fully knows,
For the needs of each hour He will always
With fresh grace and new strength me endue
And my Lord's so abundant deliv'rance
I shall daily experience anew.

“ My Soul, Wait Thou Only upon God ”

Psalm 62 : 5-7

When darkly round thee threat'ning clouds are low'ring,
The way seems lost, no guide to lead thee on,
The sense of unseen danger sets thee cow'ring,
Thou feel'st thyself forsaken and alone,
Then, soul belov'd, with what of faith remaineth
Reach out to God, thy only help and stay,
When all thy hope and expectation waneth
Cast not thy trust in Jesus Christ away.

He only is “ my rock and my salvation,”
Thus David sang—long centuries ago—
Who counts the throng, that speak in confirmation
Of David's faith and how they came to know
That God a refuge is, a rock of strength, a tower,
A sure defence, a help in present need,
In time of storm a safely shelt'ring bower,
A light upon life's way, a guide to straying feet?

Wait on the Lord, as one waits for the dawning
With quiet assurance, that the shades of night
Will rise and vanish in the blithesome morning,
Depend on it, Jehovah guides thee right.
God is not man,—He errs not in His measures,
Makes no mistakes in either time or place,
There is no limit to His might and treasures
As there is none to His abounding grace.

God's Faithfulness

“Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.”

Psalm 36 : 5

"Yea, I Have Loved Thee with an Everlasting Love"

Jeremiah 31 : 3

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."
How can I ever with my finite mind
Gauge to its depth so rich, so marvelous a thought?
It is past comprehension—yet as evident
As are the laws of nature, which hedge me about
Though I scarce know their working, nor their cause.

"I have loved thee," a message from God's heart!
What ecstasy of joy, what rapture to the soul
Which but for love and God's sustaining grace
Would make swift shipwreck on life's hidden rocks.
Here do I find safe anchorage,—my God's unchanging love
Supplies me with a firm and stable ground
From which I can defy the storms of time
And stand unshaken by the blasts of ill
Which may shriek round me, but prove powerless
To separate me from my God's omnipotence.

"An everlasting love"—timeless in its beginning
And time-outlasting, as is God Himself,
Unfluctuating too—not changing as does man's,
Now in its fervor—now, still worse, in very aim;
God's love remains the same, its outflow has no limit,
If seemingly, at times there comes a break
It is as when the earth turns on its axis
Away from sunlight—then the night grows cold
And yet the sun shines not one whit the less.

What then should be my pray'r? Not that the Father's
Great loving heart should keep its rhythmic beat,—
It does, nor can it ebb, but that I constantly
Might have an unobstructed view of Him
And of His love, and find therein my peace.

“And He Bare Them”

Isaiah 63 : 9

He bare them.

As with eagles when the brood
Is still unable by themselves to fly,
The mother-bird will stretch her wings beneath
And lift again the all-too-heavy load
Of such as fall when first they try
To brave the Alpine mountain-breeze.

He bare them.

As a mother does her bairn
When it for refuge flies unto her breast
And nestles there, securely hid and warm.
If never yet thou hadst a chance to learn
What true love is,—go and be blest
By watching babe in mother's arm.

He bare them.

Yea,—the Scripture plainly says
That God hath borne His own in times of old
And carried them on everlasting arms.
No less to-day than in the ancient days
He does to man His love unfold
And keeps His own from all that harms.

He bears us.

Why?—Because a promise made
By the eternal God stands ever sure.
Though heav'n and earth may pass, His word abides
And thereon is our sure foundation laid:
Unchanging shall His love endure
When nothing else shall last besides.

"I Will Be With Thee"

Isaiah 43 : 1-5

When thou passest through the waters,
God, the Lord, shall be with thee,
If at times the turmoil gathers,
Through the dark thou canst not see—
Then remember thou art precious
To thy God, whose loving will
Rules in stormy days as gracious
As it does when all is still.

Rivers may be madly roaring,
Yet they shall not overflow,
Blackest clouds seem darkly lowering
Striking terror, as they grow,
Wildest tempests may be breaking
By which faith is sorely tried,
But to end thy fear and waking
Christ shall come at morning light.

Even though thy walk at seasons,
Be through trials long and fierce,
For which God's intent and reason
A deep mystery appears—
Thou shalt see, that in the furnace
God will be thy unseen stay,
Granting thee the sweetest solace
For whate'er He takes away.

“I, the Lord, am thy Redeemer,
I have bought thee, thou art mine;”
Let these words dispel thy tremor,
Thy position they define:
Thou belong'st to Him forever,
He will keep thee to the end,
And no enemy can sever
Him, whom God holds in His hand.

“Thy Expectation Shall Not Be Cut Off”

Proverbs 24 : 14

My expectation is from Him.

If not from God, whence should help be?
Where, when my bark is wrecked, can I retrim,
Where find a haven of security?
The world's poor comfort will not then avail,
The truest friendship mute with sorrow stands,
All earthly help, if tendered, would but fail,
But nevermore the power of His hands.

My expectation is through Him,

If not through Christ, how should I find
My way to God, whose holiness we deem
Of right to bar out sinful humankind?
How could I hope for access to the King,
Enthroned in glory in such wondrous light?
To there present my cause, whom could I bring
If not the One who for my ransom died?

My expectation is in Him,

If not in Him, what should I have?
What were this life, if to the very brim
Of Jordan's flood, my soul were doomed to crave
Yet never satisfy the inborn thirst
For conscious fellowship with God, my Lord?
This precious gift—if I possess that first
I have more than ten thousand worlds afford.

Prayer

“ Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense.”

Psalm 141 : 2

“Give Ear unto My Voice, When I Cry unto Thee”

Psalm 141 : 1

My prayer, Lord, though it be weak and halting
May it as incense come before Thy throne.
Thy canopy is space—and all around Thee vaulting
Are emblems of Thy might;—hence we are prone
To contemplate with sacred awe Thy power
To think Thee fixed in some far-distant place,
Self-centred there and scarce disposed to shower
Thy blessings on mankind, a fallen, sinful race.

If such Thou wert, man's prayer would seem presumptuous;
Where lies our help?—We know Thee not alone
As our Creator-God, to whom nor sumptuous
Appear His gifts, nor are they ever done
To satisfy a whim. With true paternal love
Thou car'st for each,—“Our Father” is the name
Which Thy dear Son has taught, when He came from above
To demonstrate Thy grace and bear our sin and shame.

As children then we come and bring our fretting,
Our anguish, care or dread, to ask our Father's aid,
In His caress, how soon we learn forgetting,
How trustingly our head on His arm may be laid;
We know a Father's heart with love o'erfloweth
And rather grants, than would His help deny,
Therefore His child can trust—nay, more—it knoweth
If aught be for its good, God ne'er rejects the cry.

“When Thou Shalt Enlarge My Heart”

Psalm 119 : 32

“Enlarge my heart,”
The psalmist said of old;
May I not pray the same?
I find his counterpart
In mine own self and cold
Appears my life. The flame
Which once in me so brightly burned
Few embers only mark its former glow,
Once even grief to hallowed joy was turned
While now I shrink from ev’ry chilling blow.

“Enlarge my heart,”
Restore the former faith
With its quiet blessedness,
My God, and do impart
Anew a taste of all Thy grace
And loving tenderness.
How full of joy have been my days
When trustingly my hand was laid in Thine,
When I sought but Thy will and left my ways
Entirely to Thy choice, what peace was mine.

“Enlarge my heart,”
O God, fill me with love
Which shall grow cold no more.
With love gone, life is hard—
Dark clouds will slowly move
Faith’s vision to spread o’er.

The peace which once dwelt in my heart
And in it ruled with its benignant sway,
Restore it, Lord, and I shall ne'er depart
Forevermore from Thine own chosen way.

“Enlarge my heart,”
Implant anew a hope
To cheer and lead me on;
While struggling heavenward
Though I may faint and grope
I shall not feel alone.

While I this star shall keep in sight,
While faith and love and hope burn in my breast
I care not what may come, I have a Light
To guide me and to keep my soul at rest.

“Hold Thou Me Up”

Psalm 119 : 117

Hold Thou me up, my God, for I am weak,
The night is dark and I am apt to stray;
If not from Thee, where should I guidance seek?
Who like Thyself knows all my destined way?
Who can direct me when the landmarks fail,
When heavy stormclouds hide the stars from view,
When hidden pitfalls make my spirit quail
And there is naught my courage to renew?

Hold Thou me up, when at the journey's end
I reach the river with its untried deep;
How shall I cross, if not Thy gracious hand
Shall lift me through the current's angry sweep?
The aid of friendship and of human love,
However stanch and true, there it must cease,
There is no guide, save but the One above;
With Him to steer, I cross in perfect peace.

**“Cause Me to Hear Thy Loving Kindness
in the Morning”**

Psalm 143 : 8

Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness,
Most gracious God, while yet the day is young
Before disquiet and work cause spirit-blindness
And dull my sense and then remain unsung
The hymn, which ought spontaneously to rise
Like hallowed incense at each morning sacrifice.

Each bird, at sunrise, when it raises
Its chirping note of glee, does it not call
On me to join with it in joyful praises
To God, who notes a hapless sparrow's fall?
I, who can think, am I of love so void
That nature's melodies awaken no delight?

Forgive me, God, for thus appearing
As though true gratitude my heart not knew,
My care distracted me—I needed cheering—
Instead of praying I despondent grew,
When in that frame, I felt an easy pray
To doubt and baneful fear, which drove my peace away.

Restore once more Thy gladsome spirit,
My God, and fill again my life with joy,
I pray with humble heart, relying on Christ's merit
To plead this special grace.—Canst Thou employ
This inept tongue of mine to sing Thy grace
Most gladly will I voice Thine own unending praise.

Experiences

“ They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great
goodness.”

Psalm 145 : 7

“And Their Eyes Were Opened and They Knew Him”

Luke 24 : 32

Did not our hearts within us burn
As He to us the word made clear?
O that again He might return.
How strange He should to us appear
And we not recognize His face
So full of tenderness and grace.

Remember'st thou how He drew near
Just when we were in deepest gloom,
How, when He joined us, all our fear
Soon disappeared and in its room
Arose anew a hopeful light,
Life ne'er appeared to me as bright.

Think, too, how kind He was and mild,
How sympathetic with our grief
Like as a father with his child,
Though He reproved our unbelief
Yet was it in such tender words
As only purest love affords.

These two, who walked to Emmaus
With Christ, unknown, right at their side,
Do they not call to mind in us
Experiences which betide
More than we think, each child of God?
Christ being near, we know it not.

"It is Good for Us to Be Here"

Mark 9 : 5

O what rapture past comparing
 With the world's illusive joys
Is one hour of sweet communion
 List'ning to my Saviour's voice;
With what gentle love He takes me
 Soothing my regrets and cares,
Even discontents and murmurs
 With what tenderness He bears.

When in struggling with temptation
 Oft my strength is sorely tried,
What a comfort then in fleeing
 For a refuge to His side;
How my heart takes on new courage
 And my troubled soul finds rest,
O these hours of sweet communion
 Are so wonderfully blest.

That He asks me many questions,
 Which cut deep into my heart,
Is not this, too, of His goodness
 But a necessary part?
As the dresser of a vineyard
 Has to use a pruning-knife,
So my Saviour aims in cutting
 But to make more rich my life.

When I think of all the sweetness,
Which these hours with Him contain,
In my heart springs up a longing
It might ever so remain,—
Yet I know that from the hill-top
Christ to meet His death went down;
Should I then refuse to follow?
By the cross one wins the crown.

Some day—(whether soon or later
Matters not)—God sets the time
I shall enter yonder mansions
Built of workmanship sublime,
Then I shall meet with my Saviour
In one long, unbroken stay
With the sweetest heart-communion
Never more to pass away.

“Thou Shalt Hide Me in the Secret of Thy Presence”

Psalm 31 : 20

In the secret of God's presence
Sheltered in His loving arm,
Hid away in His pavilion
I am safe from sin and harm,
There no trials may assail me,
Satan's darts have lost their sting
For I rest with quiet assurance
'Neath my God's protecting wing.

In the secret of God's presence
I can find such perfect rest,
When without the storms are raging
Here they cease at His behest.
Thus my soul is steeped in quietness
God's own peace fills me with joy,
I forgot the little sorrows
Which one's daily life annoy.

In the secret of God's presence
Is each failing grace renewed,
With new strength for further conflict
For each day I am endued,
By the bread, with which He feeds me,
I can go at His command,
Finding springs of living water
Even in the desert land.

In the secret of God's presence
 O how fain would I abide
Fleeing from the daily turmoil,
 Nestling close at Jesus' side;
Still, if He sees fit to use me
 That by service I may grow,
I dare not refuse to follow
 Where my Lord would have me go.

**“That the Life of Jesus Might Be Made Manifest
in Our Body”**

2 Corinthians 4 : 10

“Not I but Christ.”

Amazing thought. I often wonder

If ever I can say those words with perfect truth?
As o’er the failures of my life I sadly ponder

It crushes me to think, how oft I live a ruse:
Professedly I follow Jesus’ leading,

In truth my own will mostly is supreme,
And while at times His voice I have been heeding
More frequently my ways I hold in most esteem.

“Not I but Christ.”

I am persuaded—not profoundest learning

But life itself taught Paul those solemn words,
I own them true and more—am deeply yearning
To be redeemed from self and quite the Lord’s.
How can I do it, how obtain the blessing?

Shall I desist, since struggling seems in vain?
Help me, O Christ, from self-life to be ceasing,
To lose myself in Thee, and in Thee all to gain.

Comfort

“ He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their
wounds.”

Psalm 147 : 3

“In All Their Afflictions He Was Afflicted”

Isaiah 63 : 9

In all afflictions and temptations
Which often press God's people hard
Not in mere silent contemplation
But actively God takes a part,
It may be past our understanding,
Unfathomable mystery,
Was not so, too, the wondrous sending
Of God's own Son to Calvary?

What made the Son of the Eternal
To leave the glory of God's throne
And brave the gates of the infernal
To suffer and to die alone?
Was it not pity for the helpless
Who without hope were doomed to die
If not the Saviour in His goodness
Had answered their despairing cry?

He came—He gave Himself a ransom
And when He died on Calvary
Lost mankind's wail turned to an anthem,
The debt was paid and man went free;
The angels stood in adoration
At such a wondrous, solemn scene,
All heaven rang with acclamation
When Christ defeated Death and Sin.

Yes—it is true that over yonder
They do regard our earthly ways
And often they must sadly wonder
To see man, how he blindly strays,
But when he turns, great joy is thrilling
Through all the vast, seraphic throng
Who heaven's vaults are gladly filling
Once more with the Redemption-song.

God, too, in all His matchless glory
Takes notice of each man's designs,
Did not the Master tell the story
How that our Father longs and pines
To see each erring child returning
From barren fields of sin and shame
And kept love ever brightly burning
Until at last the wand'rer came?

O depth of mercy—boundless loving
To wretched and deep-fallen man,
Which set the powers of heaven a-moving
To work out God's eternal plan,
Which He had made, ere the foundation
Of this once perfect earth was laid,
That we should be "heirs of salvation"
With ev'ry claim of justice paid.

“Who Turned a Flint into a Fountain of Water”

Psalm 114: 8

Who but our God can turn a flint to water
Or make a fountain from the solid rock?
Who bids the tears, which oftentimes will gather,
To disappear and helps me bear the shock
Of unexpected sorrow, out of which He brings
A blessing, well distilled, like mountain-springs.

The Marah wells, which seemed so disappointing,
So ill-prepared to quench my burning thirst,
Did He not make them sweet? And the anointing
Which He gave to mine eyes, when, at the first
A blind man, I appealed to Him for aid,
Was not His pow'r at once effective made?

And yet withal men will go on pursuing
To search for figs, where only thistles grow,
With aching hearts they still are vainly hewing
And carving fate, the end of which we know
Is naught but sorrow, disappointment, grief,
Even with success the pleasure is but brief.

How different with him who gives the keeping
Of his whole life into the Master's hands.
With Him to guide, joy will come out of weeping,
For ev'ry loss sustained He maketh full amends,
His peace will last and satisfy and be
A well-spring of pure joy to all eternity.

“He Is Able to Save Them to the Uttermost”

Hebrews 7 : 25

Dost thou feel all but exhausted
By the trials of the day?
Has the joy, which but this morning
Made thee gladsome, passed away?
Does the struggle with temptation
Seem to be thy daily part?
Go to Jesus with thy sorrow
Empty there thy burdened heart.

Are thy nights devoid of quietness,
Oft thy pillow moist with tears?
Is the rest thou art so needing
Broken in by doleful fears?
Art thou worried, lest the morning
Bring thee added grief and care?
Anxious heart, then go to Jesus,
Leave with Him all thy despair.

For there is no earthly sorrow
Which the Saviour could not heal,
Having passed through our temptation
Fully He for us can feel.
He delights to help the wearied,
Loves to set the captives free.
Confidently bring thy burden
He will surely succor thee.

Jesus is the burden-bearer,
 He sustains each struggling soul,
He binds up the broken-hearted,
 Makes the wounded spirit whole;
In the place of bitter weeping
 He brings peace and sweet content,
If thou trust Him, He will hide thee
 In the hollow of His hand.

“Come Ye Apart into a Desert Place and Rest awhile”

Mark 6 : 31

If we would get the greatest good
 Out of our intercourse with Christ,
We must seek Him in solitude
 And suffer not to be enticed
Away from Him by work or play
 But yield to Him our hearts entire.
If at His feet we gently lay
 He soon will set our hearts afire.

How comforting appears His voice,
 How strength-imparting are His words,
Despair gives way to hallowed joys;—
 The soul, responding to the chords
Of heaven-born music, rests in peace
 When Christ Himself comes to the heart
And by His presence brings release
 From all that makes life dull and hard.

Lord, do Thou make us quiet and still,
 More teachable and less self-willed,
More eager to fulfill Thy will,
 More longing to be spirit-filled,
More willing to be naught, that Thou
 Within us All in All might'st be.
If self rebels, teach Thou us how
 To conquer self and rest in Thee.

Trust

“ They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion,
which abideth forever.”

Psalm 125 : 1

“Trust in the Lord with All Thine Heart”

Proverbs 3 : 5-6

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart
And lean not on thy understanding;
The ivy when it grows apart
Creeps on the ground, forever bending
To ev'ry gust of wind and storm:
But when its roots embrace the oak,
Once with its tendrils fastened there
Then it defies the mightiest shock
Of any tempest and can bear
The stormiest day in perfect form.

So, too, is man, so weak and frail
That to each tempest he is bowing
Unless he does himself avail
Of higher strength and is allowing
God in His might to work through him.
The man who makes the Lord his hope
Who clings to Him in weal and woe
Has a sure path (where others grope)
Ev'n though the end he may not know
He has a light which nought can dim.

Happy the man, who early learns
 What blessings lie in true believing,
Whose spirit for communion yearns
 With God, and thus keeps on receiving
The comforts of Omnipotence.
 Each day shall bring him added grace,
A constant peace must fill his soul,
 He sees God's leadings interlace
Life's tangled meshes to a whole,
 His will with God's completely blends.

A Paraphrase of Psalm 23

My shepherd-friend is Jesus,
 He bought me for His own
And since He found me, leaveth
 Me nevermore alone.
He guides me in green pastures
 By waters cool and still,
Gives me undreamed-of raptures,
 With joy He makes me thrill.

My shepherd-friend is Jesus,
 How loving-kind is He,
All dread for ever ceases
 When to His side I flee;
When I was bruised and failing
 He then restored my soul,
Relieved me of my ailing
 And made me strong and whole.

My shepherd-friend is Jesus,
 There's nothing now I fear,
The spectre "Death" releases
 His hold, when Christ draws near,
The grave is but a portal
 To mansions ever fair,
My dream of joys immortal
 Finds its fulfilment there.

My shepherd-friend is Jesus,
 How bounteous His store,
His goodness never ceases,
 My cup is running o'er,
Each day He fresh anointeth
 Me with His oil of joy,
My table He appointeth
 With generous supply.

My shepherd-friend is Jesus,
 His mercy follows me,
My love to Him increaseth
 The more of Him I see,
Naught shall henceforth me sever
 From One so full of love
Till I shall dwell forever
 In yonder home above.

"Carest Thou Not That We Perish?"

Mark 4 : 38

"Does He not care for all our frightful anguish?

See, how He sleeps despite the howling storm.
O Jesus, Master, help or else we perish."

Then from His pillow rose the gentle form
Of the Redeemer and He quietly says:

"Why do ye fear? O ye of little faith."

With Him for our companion in life's journey

There's naught to dread, He quiets the wildest sea,
If thou art staggered by the sight before thee

Go to the Lord with thy anxiety;
The winds and waves bow to His holy will,
Storms must subside, when He says: "Peace, be still."

Oh, for more faith to trust the Master's guidance,

To calmly rest, depending on His care.
Would it not mean a blissful, sweet avoidance
Of most the burdens, which we often bear
Because we fail to exercise our faith
Nor yet avail us of His strength and grace?

“What God Has Promised, He Is Able also to Perform”

Romans 4 : 21

Soul, dost thou fear, lest God should not be able
The promise to perform, which He has made?
Is to thy mind God's word, like man's, unstable?
Has yet He failed in aught which He has said?
Then why not leave thy doubts and rest content,
That He both *can* and *will* to all thy needs attend?

Thy doubting heart robs thee of all the pleasure,
The perfect peace, which comes from child-like faith,
Compared to it there is no earthly treasure
Which this sweet gift not utterly outweighs;
Our sin condoned, how does our life grow fair
When at the cross we leave our load of anxious care.

If God has sent His Son for our redemption
Would He withhold aught else we might require?
He will not pass us in our destitution
Nor leave unsatisfied our heart's desire,
When in the name of Christ we ask in faith
We shall not ask in vain for any needed grace.

Meditation

“ My meditation of Him shall be sweet.”

Psalm 104 : 34

**"Christ Is a Son over His Own House, Whose
House Are We"**

Hebrews 3 : 6

The Master's house, in which He loves to dwell,
Is not the palace, reared of precious stones,
Nor yet the temple, from whose spire the bell
At noon and night sweet melody intones,
Not in cathedrals, built o'er sacred shrines
In Bethlehem, nor Calvary, nor Rome
Or other places, which our thought entwines
With sacred halo, is the Master's home.

His house are we—He dwells within the soul
Of any, who with broken, contrite heart
Will ask Him to come in;—this is the goal
Which to obtain from heaven Christ did part;
To win these hearts, so weak and yet so dear
Is what unto the cross our Saviour drove—
Now having gained us, He would draw us near
To make our hearts a temple of His love.

“ I Will Instruct Thee and Teach Thee in the Way ”

Psalm 32 : 8

Sometimes, when in the weaving of our earthly fabric

The warp and woof appear a tangled mass,
When we are tempted to grow faint and heartsick

Not knowing how this trial we shall pass—
'Tis but that God, in His great loving-kindness

May more effectively this Truth on us impress:
That He will guide us and to Him our blindness
Is but an added claim, His child the more to bless.

But ere He does, we must become quite willing

To trust for guidance to His Master-skill,
Not until then will peace our souls be filling
Till we resign ourselves entirely to His will;

As long as we retain, in whole or part, the choosing
Of the direction which our life shall take,
We are still unfit for the Master's using,
Shall we not then a full surrender make?

When it is done, what rapture, what assurance,

What joy, what bliss, what holy calm and peace.
What strength for service, courage for endurance,
Our fears subside, our questionings will cease,
All this, because we wholly give the keeping
Of all we have, and are, and hope to be
Into the Saviour's hands and quietly go on reaping
The fruits of faith to all eternity.

“ For We Know in Part ”

1 Corinthians 13 : 9

We only know in part—

With patient faith we wait the coming day
When God will deign clear vision to impart
And from our eyes the veil shall take away.
Then shall we see, not only in reflection
As from a mirror, which but dimly shows,
But the reality,—the wonderful perfection
Of all the gifts, which God on us bestows.

We only know in part—

But judging from the fraction which we know
May we not reason, that the loving Heart
Which faltered not to send His Son below
To die upon the cross for our redemption
Will, with Him, give us ev'ry needed grace?
Faith in God's promise and not bold presumption
Enables us as “sons” to claim our place.

We only know in part—

But what we know suffices for our peace,
When trials come, we simply draw apart
To our Lord's cross, to find there sweet release.
What boundless comfort, which the knowledge giveth
That Christ did die and rise, to set us free,
That as our Advocate He henceforth ever liveth.
Is not this part enough for you and me?

“ My Help Cometh from the Lord ”

Psalm 121 : 2

Shall I lift up mine eyes unto the hills

Where countless temples to the gods are raised,
Or look to Him, whose loving-kindness fills

The world with beauty, whose great glory blazed
All through the night, in myriads of stars?

For God, nor time nor space forms any bars
To His display of might.

Shall I continue to dig for the well

Of peace and joy in earth's poor barren soil,
Instead of asking God my thirsty soul to fill

With pleasures that will last, which my own toil
Could never win? These fly as does the dew

Before the brilliant sun, when it appears anew
At early break of day.

Shall I for comfort in my sorrow go

To earthly friends, well-meaning as they are?
Or ask that closer Friend, that He bestow

His soothing balm and hush the war
And bitter conflict of my troubled soul

By teaching me, my burdens all to roll
On Him who knows to heal?

And when at last I near my journey's end,
My sight grows dim, my tongue shall speechless be
Whom will I then ask me His aid to lend
And help me go across the untried sea?
Is it not God alone, who then can bring
Effective aid against the cruel sting
Of death and guide me home?

Assurance

“Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.”

Psalm 121 : 4

“Call to Remembrance the Former Days”

Hebrews 10 : 32

Call to remembrance oft the former days
 When in the present thou art sore perplexed,
Think of God's leadings,—how in all thy ways
 Thy strength has never yet been overtaxed,
How with each trial which has come to thee,
 God always made a way for thy relief,
And in the hours which darkest seemed to be
 He turned to sunshine, by His grace, thy grief.

Call to remembrance oft the former days,
 'Twill cheer thee in the struggle of to-day,
If now perchance thy future like a maze
 Looks doubtful and thou canst not see a way
Out of its toils;—then let thy mem'ry fly
 Back to God's dealings in thy earlier years,
A ray of hope will quickly light thine eye
 And faith in God will soon dispel thy fears.

Call to remembrance oft the former days,
 Think not of danger, but of battles won,
Not at thy cross, but upwards fix thy gaze
 And with firm courage press to vict'ry on;
He who has been thy helper in the past
 Will with His might thy future too sustain,
In all thy weakness He will hold thee fast
 And help thee to the end, thy crown to gain.

“The Lord Will Perfect That Which Concerneth Me”

Psalm 138: 8

The Lord will perfect that
 (Whate'er it be) which me concerns,
Ev'n though I know not “what”
 Or “how” or “when.” His wisdom turns
My life in channels, which to me seem strange,
 Nor would myself I choose.
I quietly trust, that His all-seeing range
 Of vision will cause Him to use
Those very means, which as He knows
 Will best promote my usefulness and growth.

What if my God shall use
 Refining fire, my life to purge?
Shall I such time refuse
 To acquiesce?—with mournful dirge
Sit down with such as rue their luckless birth
 And call life all a void?
Ah, no, indeed. I look upon this earth
 As on a school, to be employed
In fitting me by slow degrees
 For work or waiting, as the Lord may please.

How glad I am to learn
As says this psalm, that in my life
Jehovah takes concern;—
He gives the strength for daily strife
Commensurate with what each hour requires.
And though without avail
I try to do what most my heart desires,
I am not downcast when I fail.
In reading this, my faith returns,
“God will perfect what ever me concerns.”

“The Lord Is My Helper”

Hebrews 13 : 6

The Lord is my helper—what a comfort to know,
For whenever temptations abound
I need never have fear, that they can lay me low
While beneath His protection I'm found;
The tempests may storm, persecutions may rage
Though ten thousand may fall at my side,
Till it pleases my Saviour the storm to assuage
I shall still in His shelter abide.

The Lord is my helper—what a strength is the thought!
What a storehouse for courage and might!
After many a struggle, most bitterly fought,
I might shrink to continue the fight;
But with God as my ally, the vict'ry is sure
Whosoe'er the opponent may be,
Nor is it a question if I can endure,
For I know God is fighting *for* me.

The Lord is my helper—what a glorious thing!
What distinction! What honor! What bliss!
When troubles befall me, I am told them to bring
To my God, who will view them as His.
O how easy for Him, who is mighty in strength
To bring peace out of weakness and loss,
To ease my afflictions and to turn them at length
Into joy by His sanctified cross.

“Lo, I Am with You Always”

Matthew 28 : 20

Weak is thy faith? In spite of all thy yearning
For perfect trust and an abiding peace
Thou feel'st, at times, within thy heart yet burning
Unholy fire, which makes thy love decrease;
In thy despair thou hast with Paul been crying:
“O wretched man, who me can help afford?”
Yet victory, through Christ, within thy reach was lying:
“Lo, I am with you always,” says the Lord.

Dark is thy road? Each footstep, oh, how weary,
No friendly light to guide thee on the way?
E'en though there be no pitfalls, yet how dreary
Appears the path—how apt one is to stray.
No wonder thou art faint, and worn, and fearful,
Tempted to yield and give way to despair,
But be assured, although thy nights are tearful,
Yet Christ is with you always, even there.

Faint is thy strength?—then in thy very weakness
Lies the assurance of superior strength,
When thou hast spent thyself and learned with meekness
How vain thy efforts,—then it is at length
That God can work in thee His perfect pleasure,
With His own might He then will thee endue
And make thee know what an unbounded treasure
Lies in that word:—Dear child, I am with you.

Serhice

“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.”

Psalm 126 : 5

“ Bear Ye One Another's Burdens ”

Galatians 6 : 2

We pass each other on the road,
We smile, we give a gentle nod
 And wend our way,
But could we see beneath the vail,
What makes the other's heart to quail,
 We would obey
The nobler dictates of our soul
To help some load away to roll
 That very day.

We meet some mendicant and throw
A dole, our sympathy to show,
 But never ask
Where lies the root of all his grief
For fear, that likely his relief
 Might be our task
And thus withhold the greater bliss
That in God's sunlight he and his
 Again might bask.

Perhaps 'tis best, we cannot see
Into each well of misery,
 'Twould break our heart,
But whereso'er God lets our eye
Perceive a need, there we should try,
 However hard,
To enter in another's woes,
He does it best, who truly knows
 Love to impart.

“He Gave to Every Man, According to His Ability”

Matthew 25 : 15

Is it one talent only, which to thee is left
 To care, develop, multiply and use?
Be thou not envious at the one, whose gift
 Is greater than thine own, nor yet refuse
 To labor loyally with what thou hast,
 No work for God will ever stay unblest.

If little be thy strength, do not therefore refrain
 From putting forth thy efforts day by day,
It matters not, how small may be thy gain
 But do not let thy talent idle lay,
 To him who hath, the Lord still more shall add
 But who hath not, shall lose e'en that he had.

The Master, whom we serve, is in His dealings just
 And takes account of our endeavors too,
E'en though we fail, He still most generous
 Rewards our efforts, if they were but true:
 When at the last the reck'ning-time shall come
 We too shall share the joys of harvest-home.

“But Satan Hindered Us”

1 Thessalonians 2 : 18

“Ofttimes,” wrote Paul, “has it been my intent
To visit you, but Satan blocked the road;”
Thus too with us—our minds were often bent
To do some worthy deed—to lift a load
Or ease at least some neighbor’s irksome fate
And then we found that Satan interposed,
We pondered, reasoned, waited, till too late
And when we tried, the door of hope was closed.

How many gracious acts are left undone!
How much of cheer and hope remains unsaid!
The chance to help, before we stir, is gone
And when we move, obstruction has been made:
For now, as then, it is the Devil’s aim
To keep us out of service for the King—
Some he beguiles and others scares with shame,
While all to worldliness he tries to bring.

Must we infer, that we are powerless
Against the wiles of the infernal thing?
Shall we surrender and thereby confess
There is no hope against the tempter’s sting?
Was Paul’s grand pæan but an empty dream?
A fancy-myth his “more than conqueror” ?
Or did not he it as a Truth esteem:
“There stood with me the Lord, my Saviour”?

Lord, open Thou our eyes, cause us to see
 There are more with us, than the hosts of hell
Can muster to defeat us—they will flee,
 When but of “Jesus” they will hear us tell;
His is the name in which our power lies,
 His cross our symbol, He Himself our shield;
No matter what assaults the devil tries,
 Through faith in Christ we always win the field.

**“ Be Ye Steadfast, Unmoveable, Always Abounding
in the Work ”**

1 Corinthians 15 : 58

Steadfast the Lord would have us be,
Not wand'ring like a summer-cloud
Or like some helpless wreck at sea
Which aimlessly is tossed about.
When with a settled, stable mind,
We keep our goal in constant view
In loving service we shall find
A source of joy, pure, rich and true.

Unmoveable should we remain
Though trials may our path beset,
The victor's crown we shall obtain
If fearlessly the foe is met;—
What if perchance our days are drear
The goal seem quite beyond our reach—
At such a time it grows more clear
That Christ supplies His strength to each.

Abounding always in the work
Entrusted to us by the Lord,
Each day a fresh advance should mark,
Some new-found treasure in His word;
Then, if we by His help succeed
Some straying brother to regain,
How comforting the thought, how sweet:
Our labor has not been in vain.

Missionary

“Thy people offer themselves willingly, in the day of
Thy power, in holy array.”

Psalm 110 : 3

“ And a Vision Appeared to Paul in the Night ”

Acts 16 : 9

'Twas but a vision which one certain night
 Appeared to Paul, while he in Troas lay
In earnest prayer, that God would give him light
 To which new province he should make his way.

'Twas but a vision, but no human act,
 No royal mandate, no ingenious thought
Has been more fruitful than this night's impact
 On Paul's keen mind and the effect it wrought.

'Twas but a vision, but it changed the fate
 Of ancient Greece with its philosophy,
The roadways of imperial Rome were made
 By it broad conduits for the spread of liberty ;
The temples of the gods from that hour came to nought
 And in their place the cross rose to the skies,
Who (but one God-inspired) could in that day have thought
 How wide a realm should from Paul's vision rise.

'Twas but a vision, but it led him on
 To enter on a sphere of even greater toil,
Who counts the jewels, which he sought and won,
 The captives, whom for Christ he made a spoil?
When in our final home we round God's throne shall stand,
 Shall we not rise and bless that fateful night
Which led Christ's servant from his native land
 To win fair Europe for the gospel-light?

'Twas but a vision, but the end who knows?
Who but the Lord Jehovah sees it all?
In its effects Paul's gospel ever grows
Ev'n as his life continues as a call
For us, to join in service to the King,
To count our wisdom, gifts—yea, ev'rything a loss
Which we should gladly as a tribute bring
And in their place take up the Master's cross.

How strange a vision! Look there! yonder stands
One like unto the risen Son of man.
See, how He beckons! Mark the nail-scarred hands;
His flaming eyes seem all His church to scan—
“Are there not more in all this blood-bought throng,
(He seems to say) to save the starving host
Of countless millions, which to Me belong?
Will ye stand idle, while the world is lost?”

“He Endured as Seeing Him Who is Invisible”

Hebrews 11 : 27

“As seeing Him who is not seen,
Enduring all, these walked by faith.”
No finer epitaph has been
By poets penned in epic lays.
In grandeur and simplicity
These words will stand eternally.

Esteeming the reproach of Christ
As far surpassing all the wealth
Of treasure, which the ancients prized,
They lived like hunted game, by stealth,
The howling wilderness their home,
By faith they saw a Heav’n to come.

Afflictions, if decreed by God,
They rather chose, than to forswear
Their souls’ belief, and though their lot
Was oft a grievous one to bear
They quenched the thought of misery
In glorious strains of victory.

They saw, while yet the veil was drawn,
Dimly indeed, yet clear to faith,
Through pagan night the coming dawn,
Messiah’s reign of Truth and Grace;
With God’s word for an anchor sure
They were prepared all to endure.

Comparing these of former days
With our poor race, so weak and frail,
What pigmies are we! O that grace
Restored the faith, which seems to fail,
In these last days, that we might see
The "Unseen One" in verity.

“ Bearing Precious Seed ”

Psalm 126 : 6

He that goest forth with weeping
E'en in tears on service bent,
In due time shall share the reaping
When the summer-days are spent,
When the seed, in spring-time sown,
To maturity has grown.

Bearing seed, which one may scatter
In the world's great needy waste,
Here and there a word to utter
By which new hope may be raised
In some sin-stained, anxious heart,
Is not that our glorious part?

Harvest-time will soon be nearing,
Shall we too come with our sheaves,
Or must we make our appearing
Bringing naught but useless leaves?
Lord, make Thou us wise to sow
And in fruitfulness to grow.

**“As His Part Is That Goeth to the Battle, So Shall
His Part Be That Tarrieth by the Stuff”**

1 Samuel 30 : 24

Compelled to wait
Inactively, when one would fain be moving,
When every nerve with energy is twinged
To sit here by the stuff and think of others roving
In loyal service, or in battle plunged,
What direful fate.

Compelled to wait:
Let those best able bravely keep pursuing,
Like David's men, the God-defying host.
But those who wait should their less brilliant doing
Not useless call, nor count their service lost,
Nor mourn their fate.

Compelled to wait—
“These men remained and missed the battle
By standing guard. Which of them did recoil
From war-like work?” Thus David hushed the prattle
Of those, who selfishly laid claim to all the spoil
Of captured plate.

For those who wait
Another king once said (he never wore a crown
But such as mark the galaxy of men
Whom Freedom's sons in ev'ry age will own):
“We too may serve our God—yea, even when
We stand and wait.”

Yes! We must wait
Till He who knows the end from the beginning,
Who weighs the thought of man as well as deed,
Shall set some prize, adapted to our winning;
That is our time;—till then it is but meet
That we should wait.

Said you to wait?
Naught else? Can nothing I be doing
To show my love to Him, who gave Himself for me?
Yes! “watch and pray” and quietly go pursuing
The path, which God shall choose, the straightest road
for thee,
To heaven’s gate.

The Coming Glory

“With gladness and rejoicing shall they be led, they shall enter into the King’s palace.

Psaln 45 : 15

The Embodiment of Victorious Faith

Roman 8 : 38-39

“ I am persuaded, neither Death, nor Life,
Nor Spirits, which in unseen form may move,
Nor present things, nor things yet to arrive,
Nor heights, nor depths shall keep me from God's love.”

Thus the Apostle. What a glorious faith.

“ In all things I am more than conqueror;
Who is it, that a charge against me lays
Which is not paid for by my Saviour? ”

“ Who will condemn, where God has justified?
Who separates me from the Saviour's love?
Who since He rose, sits yonder glorified
To plead and intercede for me above.”

“ What shall we say,” asks he, “to these great things?
If God be for us, who will dare resist? ”
This triumph-song through earth and heaven rings,
Its wondrous theme may well our praise enlist.

“ I Shall be Satisfied ”

Psalm 17 : 15

“ I will behold thy face in righteousness,
I shall be satisfied, when I awake.”
While here my soul is still held in duress
But when at last my homeward flight I take
When I shall enter through yon pearly gate
Unto the throne of wondrous, radiant light,
When at His feet my talent I have laid,
Then, then at last, I shall be satisfied.

The glimpses of my Saviour's loveliness
Which He at times reveals here to my heart,
The proofs He gives me of His tenderness,
How sweet they seem, yet are they but a part,
A fraction, earnest, foretaste of the grace
Which then shall burst on my enraptured sight,
Loveliest of all, my dear Redeemer's face,
With that, at last, I shall be satisfied.

Like as a bride will only rest content
When in her bridegroom's eyes she reads his love,
Nor messages nor gifts which he may send
Can for his absence quite a solace prove,
So, too, I long for my dear Lord's return
To stay henceforth forever at His side,
No more to weep—to watch—to wait—to yearn,
But just to be completely satisfied.

**“ Remove the Diadem, Take off the Crown . . . Until
He Comes, Whose Right It Is ”**

Ezekiel 21 : 26-27

Remove the diadem from kingly brow
 Until He come, whose sovereign right it is—
To whom, when He appears, all knees shall bow,
 Each tongue confess, that all the world is His.
The symbols of imperial earthly power
 Shall all be thrown at Jesus' piercèd feet,
The royal standards of the world must lower
 Before the One for whom the throne is meet.

The emblem of the right to rule, the crown,
 Belongs to Him, who once on Calv'ry died,
When from the Cross they took the Saviour down
 'Twas but to show God's pre-determined might.
That rock-hewn grave could nevermore retain
 The King of Kings, God's chosen Prince of Life,
His kingdom's birth no power could restrain,
 Triumphant He emerged a victor from the strife.

The Conqueror's crown, who has to it more right
 Than He who gained the final victory,
Whose resurrection ended Satan's might,
 Who brought us Life and Immortality?
Both Death and Hell must flee at His approach
 As does the night at rising of the sun,
Whate'er attempts on His realm to encroach
 Shall crumble into dust, before the Mighty One.

Yes! He must reign till ev'ry foe is down,
 Beneath His feet the enemy is crushed,
Then we shall see Him in His kingly crown
 With all creation in deep silence hushed.
Hark! Hear the trump! 'Tis Gabriel's clarion blast,
 The proclamation of the Saviour's reign!
May it be ours, when that day comes at last
 To join our voice in the seraphic strain.

“Wie Wird Uns Sein?” by K. J. P. Spitta, D. D.

Translated from the German by G. R. W.

How will it be, when past this earthly struggle
Our final foe at last shall conquered be?
When from afar we enter in our homeland
And all its glories shall unfolded see?
When for the last time we have wiped the traces
Of painful sorrow from our wearied face
And with uncovered eyes shall be beholding
Our Saviour there in all His wondrous grace?

How will it be, when we at last may follow
The long-felt yearning of our beating heart?
When for its journey to the upper mansion
The liberated soul may from its body part?
When from these mortal eyes the veil is lifted
Like fog shall vanish in the morning sun
And we shall recognize in His majestic fulness
Our Saviour as God's ever blessèd-Son?

How will it be, when we shall hear His calling:
“Come, O ye blessèd—enter to your rest.”
When at God's throne in adoration falling,
The hands we see, which have so often blessed?
Shall look into the eyes, whence tears were flowing
So oft, because of man's perversity?
Into the wounds, from which the blood came pouring
When at the cross He died to make us free?

How will it be? That which is past conceiving,
What never ear has heard, nor eye could see,
What faith alone revealed to the believing
Will then become a blest reality.
Then let us gladly still keep on pursuing
The narrow path, however rough and steep,
Each day the struggle bravely keep renewing—
Soon comes the time, when our reward we reap.

ENCHANTING Northfield, how thy slight instills
Ecstatic joy into the hearts of those
Whose open soul responsively yet thrills
At Nature's call. Peace and sweet repose
Envelop seemingly thy very atmosphere,
And fitting symbol of delightful rest appear
Thy wood-clad hills.

FAR from the mountain-ridge winds like a dream
Sparkling with light, in ever-changing course,
Our lovely river. Its reflections gleam
In brilliant hues and prove a fruitful source
To blithsome fancy's play, for all life's varied moods
Are read within the rippling, joyous-seeming floods
Of our broad stream.

ONE may not stop to picture all thy wealth
Of beauty, lest some stranger think the realms
Of fancy have been drawn upon in stealth;
Hence we let Nature speak—she overwhelms
By her own charms. Above the reach of mortals' praise
She points us silently to view her stately grace
In Northfield's elms.

A SENSE of quietude pervades the scene,
Not sleepy dullness, but that blissful rest,
Which men will crave, who have most active been
In meeting duty's call, and who their best
Have done to use the talents, which the Master gave,
In seeking added strength, life's future work to brave
Such here are blest.

AT either village end—placed there by friends
Of worthy deeds—one finds a carved stone,
Both marks of that for which dear Northfield stands.
The one records where service first was done;
The other tells of one, who here was born and raised,
Whose fame, in living form, can never be effaced,
His work goes on.

MAY 23 1909

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